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LITERARY.

Song for the Weary.

BY MRS. F. A. ROBERT.

[The sentiment and introductory verse of the following were dictated by the spirit of Paul Wentworth.]

Now the clouds are dark and drear,
Yet above the sun is shining;
Mortal, still each rising fear,
Look but for the "silver lining."
Drop not, though along life's way
Faint and die thy cherished flowers;
They have left the earthly clay,
But to grace immortal bowers.
Harken to the sounding sea,
List the song its music telleth;
Saith its murmur unto thee,
"Pearl and gem within me dwelleth."
"Pearls and gems, and coral caves,
Make my depths a bright Elysium;
But my black, tempestuous waves
Veil the sight from mortal vision."
Saith the snow-clad, dreary earth,
"Buds within my breast are hidden,
Spring will come with song and mirth,
And my flowers shall burst unbidden."
"Burst in fragrance and in light,
Veiling mount and crag with beauty;
List! they tell, with fond delight,
Love is close allied with duty."
Each hath its allotted task,
Man alone is fainting, weary;
Up, and throw aside the mask!
Life is not all dark and dreary.
Spirit chords, electric ties
Bind our souls with the immortal;
Spirit hands, beyond the skies,
Wait to open for us the portal—
Wait to open the pearly door,
Where the golden gates are swinging;
Tread with us the stony floor,
Where supernatural claims are ringing.
Then, though clouds are dark and drear,
Yet above the sun is shining;
Mortal, still each rising fear,
Look but for the "silver lining."

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN McDUGAL.

CHAPTER V.

"By the hopes within me springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife,
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
O, remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!"—Moore.

Soon after, Linnie returned to school, and the condition of the poor orphan became more irksome than ever. The ill-feeling of her aunt and cousin, which had been accumulating for some time, was now continually vented on her, and she had little peace. Before her health was sufficiently re-established, she was again harnessed into the chains of the imperious Matilda, who, as if she envied the repose of the poor orphan's miserable room, called her early, and released her late. The pillow of Olive was drenched nightly with her bitter tears, and life became to her a more insupportable burden than ever. She occasionally saw Mr. Sharp, who told her he was about purchasing a farm in Massachusetts, when he intended to take her under his own protection. He exhorted her to be patient, and try to hold on a little longer, for he would certainly come and take her away in the course of a few months. During his last visit he made some rather enigmatical allusions to a person Olive thought must refer to Mr. Holmes. They seemed to shadow forth some danger, yet so obscurely she could not understand or get at the point. Was there, could there be—she often asked herself—danger in seeing the only person who ever spoke kindly to her now that Linnie was gone? For she did see him—it was surprising how often. Gradually an intimacy grew up between them; and Wilfred had so far won the confidence of Olive that he knew all her daily routine of errands, and understood all her movements, quite as well as she did herself. This was a dangerous position for the poor unprotected orphan.

Wilfred was a gay young man. He had been free in his habits, but was not hardened by dissipation. He was naturally ardent, high-hearted, and reckless. He had much generosity, good sense, and fine genius; but wanted the only safe and secure basis of character—sound religious and moral principle. Yet, this deficiency was rather from want of discipline than from any original inaptitude for purity and goodness. This, perhaps, was one of the most dangerous characters that could possibly have stood in such a relation to a girl like Olive. Had he been gross, her native delicacy would have taken the alarm; but all his moral heresies were disguised by a veil of the most fascinating beauty. And he, too, loved Olive; but he had not the manliness to assert his better nature—to ask the poor orphan in marriage—though he was attracted to her by the only real affection he had ever felt.

"For still the world prevailed, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn."

He had always lived as a man of wealth and

fashion; and he imagined himself laid under the most degrading of all necessities, that of repairing an impoverished fortune by a marriage of convenience. And thus he was led to seek Olive's love on the one hand, and Matilda's fortune on the other—without any thought of future consequences, and hardly conscious of any wrong intentions. And so perverted are the views, which not only the few dissipated and depraved, but the many respectable and well-meaning people entertain of marriage, that few would consider his projected alliance with the heiress almost as hideous a crime as the other. And so privately, and almost unconsciously to either of them, he won poor Olive's heart. Nor is it a difficult thing, especially where that attraction, which is the basis of all pure affection, is really felt, to gain the love of one thus situated. There is in every human being a necessity of living in the exercise of affection, in some form or other; and when one meets with nothing but cruelty and scorn from those around, a gentle word, or a kind look, goes home to the heart with a power they could not have in ordinary cases. There is, and there should be, no attempt to shield our hero in this case; but certain it is that the vices and prodigies of Wilfred were such as society, either directly or indirectly, sanctions and upholds; for so long as marriages of pure convenience, interest, and selfishness, are considered honest and respectable by people who claim to be virtuous—or by society at large—they are answerable for all the wrongs which are committed under cover of the violated marriage covenant, or the laxity of the moral sense, which must inevitably flow out of such false conditions. Nothing but a true and exalted idea of marriage, embracing its absolute sanctity, oneness, and inviolability, can redeem the world from licentiousness and make it pure.

Wilfred had, perhaps, at first, no actual designs on poor Olive beyond the momentary pleasure which her presence gave him; or if he had, an instinctive perception of her pure nature led him to conceal his purposes under the softest, the most delicate veil.

But when he saw how absolutely forsaken and friendless she was, it seemed almost as if she had been thrust on his protection; and with a blindness of love, which had actually more good feeling than many would give him credit for, he redoubled his attentions to Matilda, that he might have the better opportunity of meeting Olive, and also the means of placing her in some quiet seclusion, where he would love her as he might. Poor girl! There was no one, now that Linnie was gone, to speak one word of even common kindness; for when Mr. Sharp visited her, during the few minutes when he had been permitted to speak without witnesses, she fancied that he was cold and constrained; and indeed there was something in her own consciousness connected with Wilfred that made her tremble, she knew not why, beneath the keen, deep eyes that seemed looking into her soul.

The last interview she had with him, he spoke more plainly. After renewing the invitation for her to come to his house in the country, just so soon as they should be settled, and to try and hold on with a good heart until then, he headed: "Take care, girl!—take care of that fellow!—there's a snake in the grass! Naow I tell ye!"

Before Olive could ask him to explain, they were interrupted, and the explanation came from a dear experience that led nearly to fatal consequences.

Her simple little heart was not only touched with the kindness, but pleased with the deference which was shown her on all occasions—so much, as she would often say to herself, like her dear father; for his gentlemanly bearing was as perfect toward his daughter as any other lady. How pleasant and grateful must it, then, have been, after having been so long degraded into far worse than menial conditions, to feel herself once more understood, appreciated, and honored, as her birth, education, and all her habits entitled her to be!

These moments, though brief, and resting under almost every disadvantage, were seasons of delight, when hymns of the lost Eden flowed back through her soul, and Elysian views broke through the clouds of the Present, illumining the horizon of a fairer time in the great unopened Future. And with all this, how could she be otherwise than fascinated with the attentions of one who had not only studied the art of pleasing in every phasis, but was naturally possessed of great advantages—a fine person, a brilliant intellect, and that peculiar amenity of expression and bearing, which, to many persons, is the greatest charm of manner, and was especially so to Olive; for it gave her courage and self-assurance in his company, and was the happiest relief to her extreme diffidence. But notwithstanding all this, she was frequently startled by an instinctive apprehension of something not as it should be, though she devoutly believed he was one of the truest, most generous, and honorable men in the world.

So she continued to see Mr. Holmes clandestinely. After her recovery these interviews became more frequent; indeed, they had scarcely met before; and in an evil hour she consented to elope with him under a solemn promise of marriage as soon as they arrived in Boston.

During their passage from Portland to the form-

er place, the uneasiness of poor Olive greatly increased, and she had strong impressions of something dangerous, which she yet could neither define nor comprehend; for the idea that Wilfred could have any other than the same honorable intentions which he professed, never entered her mind; or if it had, she would have been indignant with herself for the suspicion. On arriving in Boston, she was conveyed to a fine house which was said to be in the occupancy of a near relative of Wilfred. But on her introduction to this important personage, the now almost suspecting girl shrunk with unqualified disgust, notwithstanding her fine person, cordial manner, and the matronly relationship toward herself, with which she was soon to be invested. There was something in her sphere, as the psychologists say, which made her presence repugnant and intolerable. Almost hating herself that she so loathed the over-kind embraces and caresses of her new aunt, Olive retired to her chamber to prepare herself for the important and holy ceremony which, as she believed, was to unite her destiny forever with that of another.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;
And the Power on high that can shield the good,
Thus from the tyrant of the world,
Hath extended its mercy to guard as well
From the hands of the leagued infidels."—Byron.

Olive had but just completed her toilet, and dismissed her attendant, when, without even the precaution of a knock at the chamber door, Wilfred entered the room. Olive was not a little surprised at this; for she had expected to receive him down stairs; but running up to him, she said pleasantly: "I am all ready to go down; has the clergyman come?"

No sooner had she spoken than she perceived by his manner that something about it was wrong; and also, as he came near, she knew by his breath that he had been taking wine, though he had made his reformation in that respect a great point in his plea for her to elope with him, imputing his new habits of total abstinence to her good influence entirely, and on that ground claiming that she should continue, and secure it to him by a step which would forever seal and sustain his determination to good. If the earth had opened at once at the feet of Olive—if a thunderbolt had fallen on her head—she could not have had a greater shock than she felt, when, at length, in the midst of its fair and false disguise, she discovered the nefarious plot which, so far from intending honorable marriage, had brought her to a disreputable house with the intention of ruining her. There is no language—there is no idea—can delineate her agonizing thoughts, when she was first

"Doomed to know
The Loved—the Trust—dealt the blow;
To feel within her heart's deep core
That barbed thought ranking evermore."

For some minutes after the disclosure, surprise, indignation, terror, and wounded feeling, by turns struggled for the mastery. So intensely was she agitated by these conflicting emotions that her countenance was terrible to look upon; and Wilfred, though too late, saw his mistake, and bitterly regretted it. But he did not yet know the power he had awakened. The very force of the shock roused a strength to meet the danger. Hitherto she had been known only as a delicate and tender girl—a gentle and submissive child, yielding habitually to the dictation of others. But a strong and terrible will-power was to be developed; and in the fires of her almost incomprehensible anguish that character was consumed forever; and from its ashes sprang forth, phoenix-like, a proud, a true, a free and self-dependant woman.

But she did not yield the prize without a struggle to maintain his advantage; and when she alluded to the wine, he said, "O, fie, Olive! very common, if not indispensable on these occasions, you know;" and as he spoke he attempted once more to draw her to his arms.

But she stood back, saying, "I will ring and inform your aunt of your behavior, sir."
"Do not make me laugh at you, my pretty little simpleton," he answered. "Come, come! there's no use talking; the fact is, I love you, Olive; and that's the upshot of the whole business."
"Stand back!" she responded; "do not presume to approach me! I will leave this house directly."
"The deuce you will!" he returned; "but you will find that harder than you think, my love. This house, and all in it, are at my service."
"Do not call me your love!" she retorted; "I loathe—I detest!"

"Why, what a virago you make of yourself, my pretty Olive!" he interrupted. "But this spirit promises well, though it may be a little troublesome at first. Like you all the better. Had no idea there was so much spice in your composition;" and ere she was aware of his intention, he clasped her in his arms. With an effort wholly unexpected she released herself, and standing at a little distance, she looked him steadily in the face, while all the power of wronged womanhood beamed out from her eyes, glowed on her cheek, and suffused and dilated her whole form; she spoke in those low, deep, clear tones, which a strong will-power sometimes calls forth from the tumult of passion, every one of which fell with a

dead weight, as if the whole heart—the whole life—had been stilled, or absolutely turned to stone in the terrible conflict.

"Do you mean to say you have deceived me?" and as she spoke, advancing a step nearer, she repeated the question, while the scorching indignation of abused faith, inspired those few words with a severity that made the strong man tremble before her.

Several times he made an effort to speak; but he stood as if paralyzed; and every effort to explain, or soften, or modify the truth, failed. He was utterly dumb.

She saw and felt her power. "I want no further explanation," she continued. "Neither you nor I will waste words. I understand my position. Release me from this house, sir; and then leave me." As she spoke, she raised the sash and stepped out on to the roof of a veranda, with a slight railing around it; and laying a hand on it, with a gesture indicating an attempt to leap over, she slowly added, "or I will release myself."

He stretched out his arms imploringly, and quaked in the extreme agony of terror.

"Not one step nearer!" she said, "until you promise—until you swear—to conduct me out of this house in safety, and then leave me. But what are promises—what are oaths?"—she added bitterly, "to one who has already trampled Truth and Confidence beneath his feet?"

"O, Olive!" he exclaimed, "for Heaven's sake, leave that place! I shudder! I faint! For God's sake, come away!"

"Yes; your nerves are very delicate!" she returned, a slight smile sharpening the severity of her beautiful features with an expression of irony; "you are very tender of the dying body; how could you wrong the living soul?"

But seeing him make an effort to approach and detain her, she clasped the railing yet more firmly with one hand, and with the other lifted up toward Heaven, she said: "If you advance one step further, without the most solemn assurance of my safety, I will dash myself on the pavement; and may God forgive me! It will not be suicide, but self-defense."

Her beauty was sublimed by the principle which animated her; and the light that suffused her features was grand and terrible as the presence of an archangel. There was no trace of fear, or weakness, in the energy which had thus nerved her to immolate her material form by a horrible death, that the spirit might be free and pure.

The offender, who had advanced to the window, stood quaking before his intended victim, who appeared to be transformed into a presence of anguish and terror to the guilty one.

"One step nearer!" she cried, as he seemed preparing to lay hands on her. "One single step, and I go; and"—she added, with a look so terrible, it seemed to scorch and wither in the utterance—"it will be you who have crushed me." Her hand yet clung firmly to the rail. She seemed about to make the fatal spring.

"Olive! dear Olive!" he cried, while his whole form was petrified—bound by a horrible spell—"hear me! For God's sake, bring not the guilt of blood upon my head! O, my dearest love! listen to me!"

"Call me not your love!" she retorted, with one of those severe looks that cut into the soul. "I blush to think I could ever have had any regard—any respect for you! I am ashamed—I am astonished at myself! And now I tell you, that rather than marry you, I would starve—I would be killed—I would be buried alive!"

"It is all true. I deserve it all, Olive! but only hear me! I promise—I swear—that if you will only trust me you shall be safe!"

"Swear not!" she answered, turning on him her now calm face, which was so exalted in its spiritual beauty, that she appeared transfigured before him. "Swear not!" she continued; "this is no time for mockery!" and as she spoke, the expression of her features was as severe as the rebuke of an angel.

"Nay! hear, if you cannot believe me!" he cried, passionately, clasping his hands together, and looking up to heaven with a silent appeal, while tears were streaming from his eyes. "I am not mocking! I am sincere, now, Olive!" he continued, in a still deeper and more earnest tone; "do not reject me! I shall be miserable without you! Pray forgive me! I entreat—I implore you! Forgive me and let us be married! I will work for you, truly and honestly; I will, indeed, Olive!" "Marry me!" she repeated, uttering the words as if each one had choked her. "No! I am not yet fallen so low as that! Poor as I am, and without so much as a crust of bread in this wide world, sooner than pollute myself by accepting your protection, in any form, I will dare the worst; and if need be, I will die of starvation. Marry me!" she again repeated, while her whole form seemed dilated with scorn; "insult me not again with such a proffer!"

"I will, then, be a brother to you," he urged; "the tenderest—the truest—the purest of brothers. I will place you under the protection of my mother this very day, while I go out into the world to redeem my character, and retrieve my fortune."

"It cannot be," she replied, after a thoughtful pause, yet evidently touched by his apparent sin-

cerity. "Who would respect me under such circumstances? I could not respect myself; and your mother, too, would question—doubt—suspect me. I must not—and will not—forget even appearances. Take me away from this place; and leave me to my fate; that's all I ask."

"O, no, my dearest Olive! do not ask me to leave you, until you are at least in a place of safety! Young, and ignorant of the world as you are, you know not the dangers that surround you."

"There can be no greater dangers," she returned, "than those with which you have beset me. Yet I will trust you, so far as to accept of your protection from these doors." As she spoke she left her dangerous position, and advanced toward him, yet with such an air of dignity as held him spell-bound.

"Olive!" he cried, throwing himself prostrate before her; "crush not the germs of good which you have this hour called forth, in a heart that has long lain waste. You alone have inspired me with faith in virtue—faith in woman—faith in myself! Suffer me to hope that after any period of probation, your just anger may be appeased! Tell me that you believe; tell me that you will again trust."

"I believe that you are now sincere," she answered, reaching out her hand; "but you, yourself, have shown me the danger of trusting you."

"Ah! that is too true!" he responded sadly; "but is there no atonement?"

"One, one only! Take me from this place; and leave me!"

"And you are still obdurate?"

"I have decided."

"But where will you go? Have you any friend here—any place of shelter?"

"None whatever that I can be certain of," answered Olive. And then a momentary thought of her exceeding great loneliness almost overcame her; but she checked the impression, and directly answered: "He who keepeth the little sparrows will provide a place for me also."

"O, Olive! you know not what you say! You know not what you are doing! At least let me provide for you, until some better protection is found."

"No!" she replied; "I can accept nothing from you but my liberty. If you are sincere, lead me from this house. Every moment that I remain here is contamination."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"The Voice of Rachel for Her Children Crying."

[The following touching lines were written by a member of the Twenty-Second Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, on learning the sad news of the death of his beloved boy at home.]

"Naith my shivering poncho lying, am I, listening to the rain,
And the cold wind moaning, sighing, as the night comes on again,
While my sickening thoughts are speeding to that treasure-hallowed spot,
Where my kindred heart is bleeding o'er another vacant cot.
And I look through tears, fast falling, on the gloomy gathering night,
As I hear our foemen calling, through the cannon, "Go the fight!"
But all around is dreary, and my pulses feel no bound,
For my heart lies weary, weary, with my darling in the ground.

And I writhe in anguish bitter, o'er this seeming stern decree:
Was my boy for heaven fitter, that he could not stay with me?
I who loved him, O, so dearly I can give him to the tomb?
Hope has died within me nearly—all around is blackest gloom.

O, my darling pure and holy! shall I see thee never more?
Has thy life bark drifted slowly to the far off mystic shore?
Were there angel arms about you, bearing all my joy away?
Horn's will not be home without you—why, O, why could you not stay?

Shall I never hear the rattle of your feet upon the floor,
Or your dear heart-cheering prattle as you meet me at the door?
Never see the love-light glisten in your laughter-brimming eyes,
As you left your play to listen when you knew that I was nigh?

I should not so have missed you had I stood beside your cot,
And with loving words had kissed you when you called me to the spot.
Sooe, our cruel parting ended, we will meet in joy and peace,
When you called for me so fearful, why, O, why was I not there?

The thought is bitter, fearful, and is very hard to bear.
Fast my eyes with tears are welling, and my heart is cold and dead,
While the storm of grief is swelling with the weight of these thoughts.
And I think me of that other, who is meekly bowing low—
Ah, the anguish of that mother—heavy, heavy is the blow!

Bear up, loved one, 'neath the trial, for the Hand that aimed the dart,
Knew that grief and self denial purifies the mourning heart.
Stay your grief, then—hoping ever, we shall see our boy again,
Where death's arrow enters never, and there comes no parting pain.

And we still have one another, and one darling yet is left;
Patience, then! I take comfort! we are not of all bereft.
Sooe, our cruel parting ended, we will meet in joy and peace,
And with joys and sorrows blended, live in love as years increase.

CAMP (before Yorktown), April 8, 1862.

The Chicago Times (Democratic) says: "The mummy is the thorough conservative. He is not only dead, but his deadness is embalmed and preserved. The mummy never takes any step forward. The mummy is to-day what he was 3,000 years ago. He does not believe in progress, or anything else, save that mummies are the true type of wisdom. The world is full of mummies, and, unfortunately, all are not now quietly laid away in the catacombs."

TURN OUT THE TWELVE APOSTLES.—The Clear Lake Courier is responsible for the following: "We are told a good one in connection with the late war. An eccentric sentry was doing duty, and when the officer of the day came round, the sentry challenged him with the usual 'Halt! who comes there?' Just then the officer stamped his toe, and gave vent to the expletive, 'Jesus Christ!' 'Turn out the Twelve Apostles' said the soldier, 'for Jesus Christ.'"

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "Editors of the Banner of Progress." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "Benjamin Todd & Co."

The Sabbath, Its Origin and Use.

We showed conclusively, as we think, in our article under this head two weeks ago, that the Sabbath does not possess any peculiar sacredness, such as the religious world claims for it. We believe it is high time that the idea should be cast aside, as unworthy of being perpetuated in the light of the present day. There are gleams beginning to manifest themselves even amid the dark fogs of the bigoted pagan-religious institutions of old iron-sided Massachusetts. The rigid laws of that State, inherited from the old puritanical times, have ever been a disgrace to her people. And yet her religious organizations rejoice in the enforcement of such laws. If we are properly informed, there was an old, bow-legged, stuttering preacher, who lived some eighteen hundred years ago, and who spoke of certain people as having gloried in their shame. But Massachusetts is beginning to feel the effects of her rigid laws. Within the last three years, they have driven a large amount of trade from Boston to New York. Not more than a year ago, in the city of Boston, no barber's shop was allowed to be open on the Sabbath. Restaurants, and all kinds of eating-rooms, were closed during the entire day; and hungry persons were obliged to do as they best could to supply the wants of nature in the form of food. At the same time, a strenuous effort was made to stop the running of the street cars on the Sabbath, by the religious denominations. The great reason for this action was, that the horse-cars, running as they did ten or twelve miles into the country, afforded the poor—who must travel at cheap rates or not at all—an excellent opportunity to get away from the hot, dusty, and confined air of the city, and go out to the green and flowery fields, where the air was laden with life, health, and sweetness, instead of the miasma that produces disease and death; the tendency of which was, to deplete the churches and rob them of their congregations. Many a person, who had been accustomed to go regularly every Sabbath to the gospel-shops to do their weekly religious marketing, where only the most unpalatable, dry, and husky food was sold, went every Sabbath to the country, and worshiped God in His holy temple, where none are turned from the door because they wear homespun instead of broadcloth. A late decision of one of the Massachusetts Judges affords ground for hope that the people may soon awake from the stupor produced by bigoted religious ideas. A complaint was entered in court against a Jew, who kept his shop open on the first day of the week. The Judge held, that, as he had kept the seventh day in a religious manner, he was not amenable to the law. If, then, any one may choose which one of the seven days of the week he will observe, there can be no sacredness attached to any particular day.

Once there was a time, in the New England States, when, if a person absented himself from religious worship—as the Sabbath farce is called—beyond a certain number of times, he suffered the penalty of a heavy fine. We should hate to be the preacher in such a case, and be under the necessity of having our congregation drummed up by a servant of the law, in order to obtain a decent hearing. The same spirit is exhibited even now, and would be enforced in practice, if some people had the power. But, thank God and the angel world, they haven't got it. If the religious organizations of the day—we mean the popular ones—had the power they possessed in Cotton Mather's time, mankind would travel backward with hasty strides toward barbarism. The sunlight of Progress would pass rapidly back on the dial of time, and the shadows of the ignorance of past ages would steal over the coming years. The movement of some of the bigoted clergy of this city, last spring, told the whole story. But they gave the screw one turn too much when they attacked the public press; and never were whipped cures more anxious to escape punishment, and sneak back into their kennels, than were those reverends to skulk behind their coward's defense—called a pulpit—followed by the scorpion-like stings of the city press. But Rev. Dr. Stone was somewhat excusable for his bitter tirade against the Sabbath-breaking people of this coast, for he had just been imported from the land of steady habits, where a minister is thought to be something more than a man; hence, he had a right to speak with authority, and be obeyed! When he went to that memorable meeting, we may imagine that the Rev. sir soliloquized somewhat on this wise: "Am I not a minister of the gospel? More, have I not D. D. affixed to my name? Did I not come from the city of Boston, the hub of the universe? Have I not been Pastor of the Park Street Church, where they dared undertake to pray Theodore Parker to death? And shall I be afraid of these half-civilized creatures of the Pacific coast? What is more, it will be a good chance for me to get a great name. I can be a leader among them." But alas!—well, we remember the fable of the milk-maid; just as she had settled upon the color her dress should be, and decided positively that it should be green, down came the pail, and her hopes and the milk were spilled at the same time. Dr. Stone had better stick to the lecturing business, for monumental purposes, and secure his hundred dollars a lecture every time.

We observe at the book-stands a pamphlet entitled "Voices from the Crowd: a Compilation from Standard Liberal Works," published by the Friends of Labor. Price 25 cents.

Reception of New-Comers from the Atlantic.

It is generally supposed that, when persons migrate from one section of the country to another, their physical systems have to undergo a change, commonly called acclimation. Sometimes this process is a very severe one, especially where the constitution has been somewhat impaired previously. Many come from the Atlantic States to this coast, in the hope of cheating Death of his victims; but the attempt frequently fails. Others, after struggling a long time with disease, finally conquer, and regain their health. But the severity of physical acclimation is nothing in comparison with the fiery ordeal which they are obliged to pass through in obtaining their true social position, especially if they are public characters, and happen to be of the Spiritualistic persuasion, religiously speaking. When Mrs. Emma Hardinge came to this coast about three years ago, she was assailed by the public press with vituperative abuse and innuendo, so long as she confined herself to the lecture field of Spiritualism. Nothing like merited justice was meted out to her until she entered the political field as a champion for the late and lamented President Lincoln. And when, in compliance with the repeated requests of our friends, we came to these shores, to advocate the doctrine of immortality, as demonstrated by actual and daily communion with the departed, the entire press of the State, with one or two noble exceptions, commenced a crusade against us. The vituperations and slanders of some of them were issued with a malignity that would have done honor to the most expert fiend in Pandemonium. When they were asked for an opportunity to enter a protest, a manly, dignified reply, they growled out a surly and positive No! We were branded by them as a bold blasphemer, and the people were advised to drive us from this coast. But the cowardly vilifiers dare not undertake what they advised others to do. Let us say to those editors that, figuratively speaking, we shall live to see their graves grow green with weeds, neglected and despoiled, if remembered at all. When Dr. Bryant came, with the warmest philanthropy in his heart, to heal the sick and relieve the distressed, although he gave ample evidence of his power over diseases through spirit aid, yet there was no escape for even him. But, in spite of all their slander and abuse, hellish as was the design and its authors, Dr. Bryant still lives, and quietly, day by day, goes on with his work, conferring blessings on mankind, and receiving their blessings in return.

A High Moral Standard.

The Rev. Theodore Cuyler, of New York city, has discovered a novel way of becoming respectable. We wonder if he will take out a patent therefor. He says: "The nymphs of the pave are not fallen women, as they are sometimes called, but, on the contrary, most of them are elevated, and made acquainted with a class of respectables to whom they could never have obtained an introduction if they had remained virtuous." Strange respectability, which can be obtained only by dipping deeper into vice, and selling themselves to prostitution, soul and body! O God! what a commentary on the moral condition of men, and the degraded condition of women! What an insult to the virtuous in poverty, who have not the surroundings which develop refinement, to be told that, by prostituting themselves to some wealthy person, some noted lawyer or clergyman, the Rev. Cuyler, for instance, they are elevating themselves, and, if they continue to do so, may become respectable! "O Shame! where is thy blush!" Legalize prostitution, forsooth! Make it respectable! Make it a source of revenue, perhaps! Well, well! it is what we might naturally expect. Government is even now supported, to a great extent, by the price levied upon crime. Again, prostitution has been so long legalized in the marriage relation, that it is not at all strange some should wish to legalize it outside of that relation! We have heard the doctrine preached years ago, that Jesus Christ's righteousness would be imputed to his followers and to believers, and that they would be saved thereby; but we have long since repudiated these farcical ideas. And now to be told that respectability, done up in gold and black cloth, may be imputed to the victims of a clerical libertine! It surpasses all the absurdities that we ever heard of.

The "Alta California."

Judging from the character of many of the articles in the *Alta California* newspaper, any one would naturally suppose that its corps of editors had been appointed viceregents of God Almighty on earth, and that the Pope of Rome, the head of spiritual and temporal affairs in this world, as well as St. Peter, the gate-keeper who holds the keys of the upper world, had been ousted from their offices. The mean, contemptible, and abusive spirit they have manifested, when speaking of Spiritualism and Spiritualists, should cause every lover of honesty and frankness to despise them. In an article published not long since in their paper, concerning the Fraternity meetings, this same contemptible, mean spirit was shown. Not satisfied with slandering Spiritualists generally, these truculent writers must needlessly go out of their way still farther, to cast reflections upon Mrs. Dr. DeWolfe, who, in point of refinement and true and noble character, is as far above the editors of the *Alta* as heaven is above the certain future condition of these editors in the after-life, or there is no use in having any hell. The grand difficulty lies right here: if ladies generally should adopt Mrs. DeWolfe's style of dress, the favorite amusement of the editors of the *Alta* would be spoiled, namely, that of vicing with other lecherous scoundrels who haunt the street corners to observe what they can when tilting hoops go by, and make licentious remarks about the wearers of the same.

We shall have lively times here in newspaperdom very soon. At least two new daily journals are already announced; one to be a morning and the other an evening paper. The big dailies are very expensive luxuries, both to the public and the publishers. Cheaper ones, and just as good, may possibly be issued ere long. "Good things are done up in little"—papers.

Organization in New York.

A strong organization of Spiritualists has been effected in New York city, and "The First Society of Spiritualists" is now incorporated under the laws of the State. A brief "Declaration of Principles" has been adopted, which is remarkably free from all dogmatic formulæ and assumption of doctrine, and also thirteen By-Laws to govern the business of the Association. The following is the *Declaration of Principles, the Objects and Aims of the First Society of Spiritualists, in the City of New York*:

The general principles and aims of the First Society of Spiritualists, in the city of New York, shall be to cultivate and disseminate the Positive Truths of Religion and of the Spiritual Philosophy, embracing all Phenomena, all Truth, and all Use. It shall be our special purpose to discover and disseminate the Positive Truths of Psychology, and of occult and imponderable forces and influences, of Spiritual Existence and Communion, and the relations existing between human beings and other forms and departments of life, in the earth, and between us and those persons inhabiting the spirit-world, and all truth relating to man's physical and spiritual nature, capabilities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny.

Disregarding man's mere declaration of what is Truth, and his ideas of what is merely politic, and recognizing all manifestations as the energy, and all Truth as the word of God, addressed to human reason as the interpreter and the sovereign of human conduct, we will endeavor to apprehend the precepts of the same, and to live by them, and embody them with the best result of the investigation, in a dignified and more harmonious social and spiritual life.

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Standing Committees have been chosen, to consider and report upon the following subjects: General Education; Psychology, or the Science of the Human Soul; Spiritualism, its Phenomena, Teachings, and Uses; Industry and Capital, their proper Relations, Interests, and Uses; Physical and Moral Diseases, Convicts, Idlers, and others; Social and Governmental Relations and Duties; The Judiciary; Sick and Indigent, and Establishment of Healing Institutions; Beneficiary, or Mutual Benefits and Aids; and Publishing Committee.

We observe on these Committees the names of the most able and prominent Spiritualists of the country, men and women; and we shall be surprised if great good does not result from their united labors. Cannot those in our ranks on this coast who have means attempt an organization of this kind, which shall be free enough and broad enough in its constitution to engage the hearty co-operation of all free minds?

"Thank God."

The *Dramatic Chronicle* don't seem to like our returning thanks because the *American Flag* is soon to float in the breeze again. And then it attempts to account for the milk in the cocoanut, by saying that "the *Flag* has been rather maudlin on the subject of spirit rappings." Bless your dear soul, Mr. *Chronicle*! the milk is what the monkeys are after, and they don't stop to account for its being there, but partake and give thanks (monkey fashion). "Go thou and do likewise," for men are but monkeys after all. (See Darwin, *On the Origin of Species*.) For ourselves, we prefer the milk to the husks at any time. When the *Chronicle* gets tired of the husks, we presume it will become as sensible as the monkeys are, and thank God for the nourishing milk.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A complimentary benefit has been tendered to Messrs. English and Chris. Hamlet will be enacted, and one feature will be presented of novelty and great attraction. Dr. DeWolfe, the lecturer on physiology, anatomy, temperance, etc. etc., has volunteered, and will enact three prominent characters in this play; namely, the Ghost, Polonius, and the first Grave Digger. This feat, if well done, will be a feather in the aspiring amateur's cap; it is what very few old players would covet, or be able to accomplish. There will doubtless be a rush to witness the daring exploit. We shall see.

CIRCUMSTANCES permitting, we shall make a lecturing tour throughout Sonoma county next month; and if the friends in Petaluma wish our services at that time, they can make the necessary arrangements, and we will address them the first Sunday in March and the Saturday evening preceding. Monday and Tuesday evenings following, we will speak in Santa Rosa; Wednesday and Thursday evenings after, at Windsor; the succeeding Friday and Saturday evenings, and on Sunday, at Healdsburg.

"CALIFORNIA SILK GROWER'S MANUAL."—We have received from H. H. Bancroft & Co. a copy of the above work, and find in it a collection of interesting facts relating to the subject of which it treats. To those about to enter upon the culture of the mulberry and the raising of silkworms, this manual is invaluable; and even to those who seek general information upon this subject, the book will be found interesting and readable. It is prepared by Mons. L. Prevost, the pioneer silk-grower of California.

SOCIAL DANCE.—The ladies of the Friends of Progress will give a social dancing party at Congress Hall on Wednesday evening next, 13th inst. It is hoped that every one who has been accustomed to attend these parties will be there on that evening. Good music has been engaged for the occasion. Mr. Cogill has promised to have the hall in ample order, and to add to the entertainment generally by letting his good-looking, smiling face make one of the number present.

The *San Jose Mercury* is generally about right in almost everything, but it was never nearer so than when it said that "the *Times* is the best news paper on this coast. We believe the managers have not yet succeeded in obtaining an editor. Cannot they afford to employ one, and thus save the literary and political character of the paper before it is too late? Or will they wait till two or three live journals spring up about them, and run the *Times* out of sight?

The *Dramatic Chronicle* inquires of the managers of the *Times* if they "expect to proceed without brains." They have proceeded thus far without them, but some power having authority should say to them, "Thus far, and no farther."

The Religion of the Future.

The following article, which we with pleasure transfer to our columns from the *Dramatic Chronicle*, truly declares that the "religion of the future is an interesting question." The writer talks like a true philosopher; and though he may not claim to be a prophet, or even the son of one, yet his predictions are destined to be fulfilled.

What is to be the religion of the next generation—of those who are to fill the places which we now fill, and to take their share in the joys and troubles of this sweet human existence when our work is done, our busy brains are at peace, and we rest from our labors? This is an interesting question to thoughtful men who take an interest in the world that is to be when they shall no longer have lot or share in it. One thing seems certain; old things are passing away, and old creeds and churches, and faiths and rituals are rapidly sinking into impotence, or undergoing transformations so radical as to leave scarcely a trace by which they can be identified with their former selves. The influence and vitality of the "Church" are rapidly waning. Free thinkers, wise and foolish, scoffers passionate and sincere, as well as scoffers malignant and ignorant, are free to scout her claims, and defy her authority. Indeed, it almost seems as though the Church has ceased to be a living power in the world. On every side and with weapons of the most diverse kind, she is assailed by a host of foes. Out of her own bosom spring up champions of the utmost freedom of thought, who, like Colenso, Maurice, Martineau, and authors of Essays and Reviews, in question her fundamental doctrines, which it was once deemed heresy, nay, infidelity, to doubt. From without, the Materialists of the one hand deny the existence of mind as distinct from the body, deny the existence of any gods but Force, and Matter, and the doctrine of a future life; while the Spiritualists, on the other, reject Christianity and its sacred texts, insist upon a perfectly natural continuation of individual existence in another sphere, after physical dissolution. The critical school, by comparison of the different New Testament narratives, and their appeal to "facts and figures," have disproved beyond all question the old-fashioned doctrine of "inspiration." Even popular orthodox preachers, like Henry Ward Beecher, have come to drop the old forms of speech and the venerable cant of orthodoxy, and to teach physiology, philosophy, science, and common sense, rather than theology. Beecher, and nearly all the leading ministers who retain any hold or influence upon the popular mind, have ceased to play the "priest," and have become simply men among men, lecturers and teachers. They no longer preach supernaturalism, but natural law and cause and effect. Evidently, we are upon the threshold of a new era, and, from present indications, it would seem to an impartial and disinterested observer, that the Religion of the future will be either Materialism or Spiritualism.

How is THE THING DONE?—One class of people say that spiritual manifestations are produced by the arts of men dwelling here on earth; but that statement is untrue, for we have seen the table move around the room without any one touching it, and also the table become heavy, so that it was impossible for us to raise it. Those who make these statements have not investigated the subject as we should; or if they have, they make these statements to deceive those who never investigated for themselves, but rely on what others tell them. Another class say that the phenomena are produced by mesmerism, or some other natural force; but that statement is untrue, for we have received answers to questions which we knew nothing about, and answers to others that were entirely contrary to our mind. One instance in particular I will relate: I was sitting at a table, in company with two gentlemen and three ladies, when soon we received some demonstrations which purported to be from the spirit of my grandmother. I asked her in what month of the year she departed from this sphere, and she informed me that it was the month of March. I thought that this was untrue, and told the others that the spirit was mistaken. She requested me to call the alphabet; I complied with her request, and after a short time we had the following sentence: "I know when I departed from this sphere as well as you." On going home and inquiring of my parents in regard to the matter, they informed me that the spirit was right and I was wrong.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

BANNER OF PROGRESS.—We are in receipt of the first number of the Spiritualist paper, published at San Francisco, of which the foregoing is the title. Typographically, it has not its superior at the Bay City, and its columns are graced with the pen portraits of such able writers as Mrs. Fanny Green, McDougal and Mrs. C. R. Williams. Benj. Todd and W. H. Manning are its editors. There is, no doubt, a sufficient number of believers in the manifestations of the doctrine, on this coast, to give the new comer a liberal support. Its terms would seem the only drawback to its success, having been fixed at the minimum price of three dollars per annum, or two dollars for six months.—*Downsville Messenger*.

Many thanks, Mr. *Messenger*, for your kind notice. We are well aware that our subscription price is low; but we have full confidence that the liberal minds on this coast will rally to our aid, and sustain us in our work of reform.

A QUESTION OF VERACITY is on the carpet between "Castine," now of the *Times*, and "J. W. S." of the *Bulletin*. Gentlemen generally settle so important a matter between themselves; but these truth-loving folks have appealed to the public, through their respective journals, to decide the question for them. As a portion of the public, then, our decision is that it is no sort of consequence which is the worst liar of the two, so long as both are bad enough.

PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Any person sending us his or her name before the first of May, accompanied by three dollars in coin or four dollars in greenbacks, and two three-cent postage stamps, shall receive a copy of the BANNER OF PROGRESS for one year, and the "Bouquet" and "Exposition of Three Points of Popular Theology," advertised in our columns.

How easy our present subscribers, if they felt so disposed, could double our list of names! Let each one obtain an additional name, and the work is done. It will cost but little effort on their part, and be of great benefit to us. Just resolve that you will lay the paper down immediately, go out, and obtain a new subscriber.

JO KERR says that the "great and only original Jacobs" is now engaged in editing the funny portion (?) of the *Californian*, yclept the "Lion's Mouth." He says "Jacobs" is just as funny as he can be; but we hear of no side-splitting in consequence. It may be because so many people are hooped now-a-days. We don't know.

LAYING ON OF HANDS.—Some people are disposed to be funny over this phrase, as though its application were only a ridiculous one. But we think it might prove more serious to such people, should the Sheriff levy on their goods and chattels. They would be looking very earnestly for a circulating "medium" then!

SOME so-called religious sheets of this pious city don't choose to exchange with us. We guess we can live without them about as easy they could live without us, if we had access to their columns every week. We would make it as warm for their editors as the climate to which they consign the major part of the human race.

WHY was Rev. Dr. Stone politely permitted to resign the charge of Park Street Church, Boston? Because he had become "a Stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense" to the people.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

On the 23d of August, 1859, at the house of Gen. Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, in Sonoma, were present the following named persons: Mrs. Adela Frisbie, wife of Dr. Levi Frisbie, a daughter of Gen. Vallejo; Nathalia Vallejo, another daughter, unmarried; Mrs. Theodora Tracy; Jose, Andronico, and Uladislav Vallejo, sons of Gen. Vallejo; and Dr. Van Geldern. Towards evening, it was proposed by several members of the family that they should pass the time in trying experiments in Spiritualism, as it was well known that Doctor Van Geldern was a believer in the doctrine. The suggestion was at once agreed to; and after some playing upon the piano and guitar, which was done at the instance of the Doctor for the purpose of harmonizing the minds of those present as well as some conversation by him upon the seriousness and importance of the subject—the company being inclined to treat the matter rather lightly—the circle was formed around a small table in the parlor, and the hands of the parties were joined upon it, as usual at spiritual circles. After sitting quietly for a very short time, the table began to be tipped back and forth. Questions were then asked as to the positions of the parties at the table, and several were instructed to change their seats. After these preliminaries had been arranged satisfactorily to the intelligence manifesting itself, various questions were propounded and responses readily obtained by the tipping of the table. Several names of deceased persons were then spelled out, among others, that of a person calling himself Feliciano Pina, a *vaquero* well known to several members of the circle, who died in March, 1851, at the Petaluma House, a large adobe building, situated on the Petaluma Rancho. A brother of this same Feliciano also gave his name—Antonio Pina. Distinct raps on the table were then heard by all present, and invisible visitors informed the circle that one of their number—Jose Vallejo—was a rapping medium. They then requested that some one of the circle should play upon the piano. This request was complied with, when the table was immediately set in motion in exact time with the performer, and varied with the music. The spirits were then asked if they would give a manifestation by means of the guitar; a response in the affirmative was immediately given. The circle were then requested to have the room darkened. The guitar was then laid upon the table, when answers were given to the questions of the members of the circle by thumping one side of the guitar upon the table; also by raps on the wood of the same instrument. By request, the strings of the guitar were sounded severally as called for, and finally all of them together. All this time, the hands of each individual in the circle were joined to those of his next neighbor; so that it was impossible for any one to have moved his hand without the knowledge of the act by his companion. On being asked, the spirits signified that they would manifest themselves on the succeeding evening, if the circle would sit for that purpose. The persons composing the circle then separated.

On the next evening, August 24th, additions were made by the arrival of Dr. Levi Frisbie, of Vallejo, and Mr. George Butler, son of Col. Butler, of San Francisco. Dr. Frisbie, although he had very lately had a visit from a spirit purporting to be that of his mother, and who was distinctly seen and recognized by him at the time, was still a very obstinate unbeliever in Spiritualism. The circle was arranged as before, under the direction of the spirits, all hands being joined. On a request being made that some friends of Dr. Frisbie would manifest to the circle, the name of Oscar Fay was spelled out; and the Dr. then admitted that this was the name of a friend of his youth. The performances of tipping, rapping, sounding the strings of the guitar, and beating time with the table, were repeated at this sitting. The room being momentarily darkened, the spirits were then asked to sound the keys of the piano. This was also complied with in various ways, as called for, and to the satisfaction of those present. We would here mention, that most of the members of the circle, being strangers to spirit manifestations, would frequently exhibit signs of superstitious fear, and break away from the circle, and even leave the room, whenever something extraordinary was done, like the sounding of the guitar or piano exclaiming, "Son los infernos! Yo tengo miedo!" (They are devils! I am afraid!) Some one asked that the guitar might be removed to the center-table. Instead of this request being literally complied with, the guitar was taken up and conveyed to a sofa in a remote corner of the room, and laid noiselessly down upon it, where it was found on relighting the apartment. This was repeated; when it was asked if the spirits would convey the guitar out of the room. The guitar was taken up above the heads of the circle, striking the hanging crystals of a chandelier in its course; and, on relighting the candles, it was satisfactorily ascertained, after diligent search, that it was not in the room, nor in the adjoining hall. Andronico Vallejo, the owner of the guitar, began to think that it had really disappeared beyond recovery, and to upbraid Dr. Van Geldern, who made the request, with his loss. Dr. Frisbie then remarked that he should be on his guard against imposition in this instance, and accordingly he critically examined the doors and windows, to assure himself that no person could enter the room without being noticed. The room was again darkened, and the spirits requested to return the guitar. A loud whizzing noise, and the sounding of the strings of the guitar, were heard outside of the house, and presently also within the house, as though it were approaching the circle, which it soon did, the instrument being quietly deposited on the floor near by. An explanation by the spirits was afterwards given of this interesting feat, to the effect that the doors were noiselessly opened, unperceived by the circle, in order to accomplish the transportation of the guitar to and fro, and that it had been concealed on the veranda, which is shaded by a thick growth of Madeira vine, while the members of the circle were in search of it. The circle then concluded to separate.

Our concluding article upon the Philosophy of Religious Revivals is deferred to our next issue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WHAT GOOD?

"What benefit does the human family derive from Spiritualism? What good has it done?" Being one of the human family, I can say, with all truthfulness, that Spiritualism has taught me in what way I shall be a truly progressive being; how to approach those of my friends who have passed over to the other shore, and who ever stand ready to help me, to point out the dangers of the sea, the impediments of every-day life, the shoals and quicksands before me, and how to avoid them. I deem it a great pleasure, as well as privilege, to sit in the presence of a well developed medium, and hold sweet converse with parents, a brother, or a sister, and ask them to define my present and future prospects.

Spiritualism is not a new science; it is as old as time. The so-called Sacred Writ is interspersed with manifestations like those of the present day; for instance, that produced by the woman of Endor, spoken of in the 28th chapter of 1st book of Samuel; also, the hand-writing on the wall, when King Belshazzar saw a part of the hand that wrote the words *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*, which of course will be accepted as true, as it is in the Bible! If true in those days, why not in these? for truth is always truth, the world over. What is true of individuals is true of nations; and this nation is fast verging on the true principles of Spiritualism. Slavery is swept from the American continent; what rapid strides the principles of liberty have made in the last thirty years! The elementary principles of progress are elevating the poor and despised creatures of God.

I was at a seance last December, in which Mrs. C. Carter was the medium (and a most excellent clairvoyant she is), in company with her mother, Mrs. Mary Marshall, who is an impressionable healing medium. The spirit who first announced his presence was Abraham Lincoln. I questioned him as to President Johnson's position toward the freedmen. He hesitated some time before answering, but at length said it would not do for him to say just now, but time would prove all things; we must be patient and wait. The next was T. Starr King. I asked him to define Johnson's position; he answered, "What can you expect from a rebel?" Mrs. Marshall asked him if he was still a friend of the black man; he answered, "Yes, a better friend of God and man." Good old John Brown next communicated, and the medium arose and shook hands with all present. I asked him if Johnson would be a true Moses to the black man; he answered without the least hesitancy, "No; for I knew him in Arkansas, Alabama, and Kentucky; he was a rebel then, and he is a rebel now at heart, and will prove himself such." He added, "I like your people, and like to come among them, and intend to do all I can to help them up the rugged path of life." He stated, further, that within ten years the colored man will fill high positions in the United States—close to the President. Here the seance closed.

I do believe that much good is being accomplished in our direction. All the black man has to do is to move right on, and when the change overtakes him, he will say, with our good friend, John Pierpont, that there is a reality in spirit intercourse.

"No farewell word was spoken,
No, not even a single sigh;
For the angel of light was not willing to wait,
When I lay me down to die."

Will the skeptic ask much longer, what good Spiritualism has done for the human family? It has done this: it has established the fact of immortality, or a life after what is called death. Spiritualism has done what the church and clergy have failed to do: it has brought conclusive evidence of the continued life, and that there is no death. It has shown the fallacy and foolishness of the orthodox dogmas concerning original sin, the fall of man, the atonement, or so-called wonderful plan of salvation from hell. It teaches the doctrine that heaven and hell are conditions, not localities; that God is a merciful and unchangeable Being, who will manage aright the affairs of all His children. This great boon from the spirit world is destined to do a mighty work upon the earth in a few short years; for it is even now opening the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, and causing the lame to walk. For many long years have I followed the footsteps of our good friends, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, Theodore Parker, Pillsbury, and Foster, and was taught to paddle my own canoe—to do my own thinking and my own praying; and I have always taken a progressive view, discrediting an orthodox hell, but believing the Bible was made for man, not man for the Bible; that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath; that one day of the week is no better than another, but that all days are alike—for I have seen it blow, snow, hail, rain, thunder, and lightning, as hard on Sunday as on any other day. God Himself respects all days alike.

S. HOWARD.

WOMAN IN THE BIBLE.—The Bible is the book of women. It is the only book which has come down from the misty ages of antiquity that presents us with woman as the equal and meet for man. From Eve, the mother of all living, to Mary, the mother of Jesus, woman always occupies a conspicuous place in the grand drama of the world's history. Here she is seen as wife and mother, filling her mission with shrinking modesty and gentle firmness. Miriam and Deborah, Rebecca and Ruth, Sarah and Esther, shine forth in characters at once original, unique, consistent and feminine. On a still brighter canvas, and in still brighter colors, are drawn the characters of the Martha, Marys and Lydia of the New Testament. Here they are, as they ought to be, and here they will remain forever. Not forward, not departing from her sphere, not immodest, not masculine. They shine, not like the sun, but with a radiance as mild and gentle as the light of the evening star.—*Exchange.*

DEAR BANNER.—The religious press delight in publishing such articles as the above; yet who that has read the Bible, free from the shackles of sectarian prejudice, does not know that the Old Testament scarcely ever speaks of woman but to degrade her? Polygamy, a system which even modern "infidels" denounce as cruel and degrading to woman, was countenanced and practiced by the old patriarchs and especial favorites of the Almighty; and nowhere is that barbarous practice condemned within the lids of the Bible. Woman is made to minister to man's lusts, all the way through the Old Testament; as witness the

debauchery of Lot with his own daughters, the horrible licentiousness of David and of his son Absalom, the amorous dallies of Samson, the lascivious songs of Solomon, and the Mormon proclivities manifested by the very best of "God's chosen people." And yet religious teachers tell us that woman is ennobled by the teachings of the Bible!

In the New Testament, marriage is looked upon as almost sinful. St. Paul advocates celibacy, and intimates that woman has but few rights that man is bound to respect. According to Theodore Parker, the manner of Christ's birth, as believed by the Christian world, is a "fling at wedlock." The fact is, Christian people generally are a great deal better than their religion; if they were not, the women of Christendom would have a much harder time of it than they do now.

Yours for enlightened freedom,

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

"What shall we do with the women," seems to be one of the exciting questions of the day. They are growing restless and rebellious, north, south, east, and west; all over the land, the voice of woman is heard, demanding more light, more liberty, more knowledge, more freedom for soul and body. She demands the right to think for herself, to act independently, to follow the dictates of her own conscience; to be—herself. Having the same eager thirst for knowledge, and the same capacity to acquire it, that men have, she demands that the doors of our schools and colleges of learning shall be open to her, as to her brothers; that all the avenues of wealth and distinction shall no longer be monopolized by men, but that she shall be free to do that for which she is best fitted, whether it be to labor in the field or at the carpenter's bench; to wash dishes and scour knives, or to fill up the ranks of "genteel professions," Law, Physic, and Divinity. She claims the right to develop, as far as possible, all the faculties of her soul, and to live the highest life attainable; and she does not plead for the privileges as one who craves a favor, but asks for them with the calm determination of one "who knows her rights, and, knowing, dare maintain."

Woman had so long been bound in the chains of habit, and custom, and the usages of the past, that she knew of no better condition; but in the mighty struggles of the last few years, light has fallen in upon her soul, and she dimly realizes the grand and glorious possibilities which lie before her, and the rights which she now asks are but preliminary steps, the lower rounds of the great ladder which reaches even unto the seventh heaven. She calls earnestly to her brothers for help; entreates their assistance to break the bonds which so long have held her in the slavery of folly and fashion, and aid her to ascend to a higher and better life. She bids him remember that in raising her, he elevates himself. Too long has she been his toy and plaything, his slave and drudge; but, thank God, the day will come, whether ye will it or no, when woman shall stand up in her strength and freedom, and dare to look in the face of men and angels, without shame, and without reproach, "for God hath spoken it."

A. JEAN.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

(COMMUNICATED.)

IN WHAT CONSISTS THE DIFFERENCE?

NUMBER FIVE.

Another symbol for the dog-star was two heads, back to back; one representing an old man, denoting the closing year, the other a young man, signifying the new. The symbol of the key, spoken of in my last communication, gives us the origin of the idea relating to the keys of the kingdom, given by Jesus to Peter. It was beyond dispute the custom throughout Syria and Judea, and other neighboring nations, to teach in parables; and thus Jesus is said to have taught, as we see by the writings of the New Testament. All the various figurative expressions applicable to the kingdom of heaven, found in the teachings of the evangelists, can be traced back to the astronomical notions, and the agricultural condition, of the remotest period of ancient times. The Egyptians differed from the Hebrews in the matter of opening the year; the former commenced their year according to the peculiar phase of their condition, with reference to the great interest they had in agriculture; while the latter began theirs with the vernal equinox, which, in connection with the autumnal equinox, makes the two bases upon which rested the royal arch, or the season constituting the warm portion of the year; which was the kingdom of heaven, the residence of the gods; meaning that it was truly the astronomical and agricultural heaven. In the inauguration of all religious institutions, that all righteousness may be fulfilled, the organizers must needs make them to accord with the ideas and notions of the preceding ages. And as there were twelve homes of the sun, there should be twelve instructors, or leaders; and if one should be lost, the place must be filled by another. So that when Levi was called to the priesthood, another tribe was divided to keep good the perfect number; and thus, when Judas was no more, another was selected to fill his place, and perform his part. We find that all the worship of the ancients, when conducted systematically, consisted in a near imitation of the movements of the heavenly bodies and the actions of the elements, and in celebrating the labors of the sun, together with bloody sacrifices to appease a supposed angry God. The matter of bare belief as to whether such a person as Jesus is said to have been, ever existed or not, is, in my judgment, of but little consequence any way we choose to look at it. From all that I have been able to gather in support or rejection of such existence, the chances are about equally balanced. We certainly have nothing whatever that any one pretends to say he ever wrote, if we except the writing in the sand with his finger at the time the woman taken in adultery was placed before him for judgment; and that, all will admit, was not of a lasting character, at least it could not be handed down to posterity. All that we know, then, of Jesus, the Nazarene, is said of him by somebody, we know not whom, where, or when. If he lived at all, he was probably one of the number known at that day as a third sect of the Jews, and called Essenes, or Essenians, who were communists, and the only moral people known at that period. They had several colleges located at distant points, the principal or head of which was at Alexandria, in Egypt. Their highest number reached somewhere about four thousand, and their existence as a sect continued about three hundred years, one hundred and fifty years previous to our era is named as the period of their rise, and continuing till the same period afterwards, when, it is said,

they were, through bigotry and persecutions, swallowed up in the then new religious element, known to us as Christianity. In pursuing the subject taken up in these communications, it will become necessary to make frequent use of the name of the Nazarene, and therefore I shall speak of him as though he were in his time a well authenticated character of history, doing all that it is said he did, and suffering all that it is said he suffered. It is only reasonable to suppose that Jesus was familiar with the customs of the ancients, and paid due deference to most of them externally at least, when he began to preach; as we see him adhering to them in his baptism, and forty days fast, "wherein is imitated the passage of the sun through the constellation Aquarius, where John, Joannes or Janus, the baptizer, had his domicile, and baptized the earth with his yearly rains. After having been baptized in the Jordan, he fasted forty days in the wilderness, in imitation of the passage of the sun from the constellation Aquarius through the Fishes, to the Lamb of March. During the forty days when the sun is among the Fishes, the faithful Catholics, Episcopalians and Mahometans, abstain from meat and live upon the fishes during the season of Lent, as did the Jews and Pagans, and as did also Jesus, to fulfill all righteousness, until the time that he abolished the first, or Jewish, to establish the second, or Christian, dispensation." From what we can gather of the teachings of Jesus, there is no doubt but the principal object aimed at, was the destruction of the prevailing system of the hard forms and useless ceremonies of the Israelitish faith as practiced in their synagogues and temples, in their feasts and fasts, and bloody sacrifices. If anything or any point in this direction was gained, its life was short; for even within one generation all Asia had turned away from the chiefest of the Apostles; the Galatians had run back into Judaism, and although there were many thousands of Jews who believed, yet they were exceedingly zealous in the observance of the temple service." Paul, writing to the Corinthians, remarks: "Ye observe times and seasons, and days and months and years; I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain." It is manifestly clear from the New Testament that Jesus had no love for the Jewish Sabbath; nor yet the Pagan, which was a day later; he taught his disciples that they should not pray in public, but in their closet with closed door; that they should ignore all outward observances, and yet soon after his death the church returned to the old forms of worship, which have been perpetuated to the present day, making use of the same days in her ceremonies that the old Pagans and Jews did in theirs. Thus the birthday of Jesus is identical with the birthday of the year; Epiphany is observed on the same day they observed it; water baptism is borrowed from them; Lent is a Pagan fast, which they held the same space of time; the Passover is still celebrated, and the Assumption and Nativity of the Virgin occur on the precise day that they did in the old Egyptian ritual." If, therefore, Jesus had selected for himself any particular mission, it seemed to be that of demolishing the old Pagan and Hebrew forms of worship, as these then existed, and to put in their place a purely Spiritual worship, flanked by benevolence, and love, and good-will toward all mankind; building up his theory in the purity of a practical manifestation of his own unselfish, harmonious existence, which was genial, and under all circumstances serenely independent.

J. D. PIERSON.

Law-Suits and Laws for Collection of Debts.

The following so well expresses our own sentiments in relation to the above named subject, that we adopt the language used, feeling that we could not have said it better:

Law-suits are luxuries in which none but the rich should indulge. They are altogether too expensive for the poor, or for persons of moderate means. If men were really prudent and wise, if they were controlled by their interests rather than their passions, they would suffer almost any wrong or loss rather than plunge into the raging and devouring sea of litigation. In nine cases out of ten, we verily believe that even the successful party in a case really gains nothing, when all the incidental expenses, lawyer's fees, loss of time, etc., are taken into fair consideration. This is especially true in regard to petty suits coming within the jurisdiction of justices of the peace. These suits are vexatious, and cost more, of thirty or forty dollars, has to spend full that sum on pettifoggers, witnesses, "treating," and court fees, before his case is decided. If decided against him, of course all this is a dead loss. But even if he obtains a judgment in his favor, there is the chance that his opponent may "beat him on the execution." In such a case, he has lost all that he would have gained by the suit, and he has incurred the expense of a blessing to the poorer portion of our population to abolish the justice's court altogether, and to abolish all laws for the collection of small debts. This tends to promote the collecting of business debts upon a cash basis in all ordinary transactions. All debts would be debts of honor; there would be a sense of shame and disgrace connected with the incurring of obligations which the party could not discharge, far more strong and effective than that which now exists, and above all, the immense sums of money which are now expended in unprofitable, harassing, and vexatious litigation would be saved. Indeed, we are by no means sure that it would not be a wise act of reform to abolish all laws for the collection of debts, whether great or small. This is a subject that has not yet received the attention it deserves at the hands of legislators. When it comes to be carefully and thoroughly examined, in a philosophical and unprejudiced manner, it will be found that the disadvantages, expenses, and evils generally that attend litigation, arising out of contracts, greatly overbalance all the benefits resulting from it. To every man of moderate means, who feels tempted to resort to a law-suit for any trifling cause, we would give this disinterested advice: consider well, whether you will not lose more by litigation than by seeking redress. If you bring your suit in a justice's court, and keep an account of profit and loss, the chances are that the balance will be on the debit side.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

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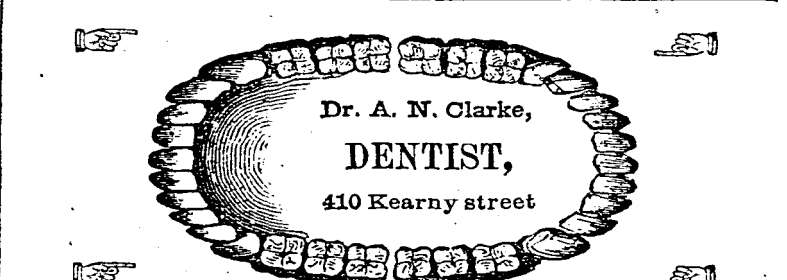
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